

THE LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

Vivisection.

By HASHIMURA TOGO
(WALLACE IRWIN).

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To Editor Sunday Star, who often gives
petitioners & other animals up with sharp
scissors & smart pen so he can peek inside
their hearts & see what makes it do so.

Dear Sir:

ESTERDAY while me & Cousin Nogi were learning how to play that German-speaking game of pea-nuckle with cards, somebody make knock-tap to my door.

"Make income, please!" say me & Nogi with voice. So my dear school-friend Sydney Katsu, Jr., who are studying to be a medical student, approach looking very surgical. He set down by bedside and pet my dog O-Fido across lungs. I could see he was wishing to speak something about topics.

"I offer you 40 cents for this Hon. Pupp," say Sydney slyly.

"What to do with, please?" I report auspiciously.

"I wish to unfasten his ribs & see what he is doing inside."

"Ah, no, shall not!" I collapse; "I love

my Dum Friend too much—also 40c are too low price."

"Sydney, you are a biological investigator," say Cousin Nogi, who are expert in mean curses.

"I shall not have that sweet mammal O-Fido sliced by Vivisection," I snagger. "It are a horrible practice."

"Practice makes perfect," snuggest Sydney. "Most persons what romp & scold about Vivisection does not understand what it is."

"I understand what it is," are quick snap from Nogi.

"What is your dictionary for Vivisection?" relapse Sydney with doctor expre-game of pea-nuckle sion.

"Vivisection," says Nogi, "are a scientific cat-teasing for the purpose of making old ladies mad. Dogs is also included in this."

"I have a soft soul," are voice from me. "I abominate any science what gives needless pain to innocent creatures."

"Vivisection does not give pain to dogs & cats," narrate Sydney. "Dogs & cats is chloroformed while doing so."

"It give pain to old ladies who talks about it," I dib. "Dogs & cats what is cut into vivi-sections gets off easy. They are first sent to slumber by sleeping-sponge over nose. Deep calm during slices. But with Auntie Vivisection Ladies it is different. They must be shocked and jarred by the horrors of surgery without taking nothing for it

Me & Nogi make note of this phenomenal.

"You can take them apart & screw them together again without doing no injury to nobody. It is only necessary to know how. If a person lose anything—a head or an arm or a heart—it are no longer necessary to throw him away as useless. Have you shot away something by 4th of July ceremony? Pretty good! Dr. Morel have got plenty of extra parts in the icebox. If you are tired of the brains you got he can give you new set. Persons residing in the suburbs needs no longer be timidly afraid of burglars, cooks & black-handers. Prominent business man hear sound of burglary by midnight! He arise up & go to hallway. Bang! he flop back shot through heart. 'Too bad!' say wife. 'I must ring for Dr. Morel.' So she go to telephone & jingle up Rockefeller Institute.

"Hello, please, are this Dr. Morel?"

"Truly are," response French-speak-ing voice.

"Kindly to come, if convenient, with a new heart for my husband who spoiled his."

"What size heart do he wear?" require Hon. Morel.

"Last one he got was a No. 9, I think," says Mrs.

"So Dr. Morel soon arrive by quick ambulance with one No. 9 heart and a spool of thread. Quick change of heart

for that prominent business man who set up & smoke a cigar as soon as he is stitched together. Next morning he go down to Wall street as usual where he appear quite natural for his disagree-able qualities.

"That show how good Vivisection can be to the human race," say Sydney. "Dr. Morel learn-how do such miracles you practice on dogs & cats. Are it not worth the life of 1,000 dogs to save one talented financier?"

Me and Nogi set silently because we are not sure.

"I will tell you another delicious anecdote to show what a skillful grafter this Dr. Morel is," say Sydney. "Last week a Swedish sailor limp into the Rockefeller Institute with a clubfoot, a frauxured elbow, one lung & softening of the brain. He said he were feeling slightly ill—maybe he ate something for lunch which disagreed with him. Dr. Morel examine this man & tell him he must be done over. So he put him asleep by gas-tube and quickly unhooked his arms & legs, unscrewed his lungs & carefully took off his head. Then this celebrated slicer go to icebox & select following extra parts:

"1-2 legs, size 14, formerly owned by a

Marathon runner who trotted himself Nogi to death.

"2-1 lung, size 23, which used to be the property of a famous Tariff Senator."

"3-1 pair biceps once belonging to a heavyweight champion who had got discouraged waiting for Hon. Jon Jonson (colored) to accept his challenge.

"4-One head, size 74, lifted from a college professor who sprained his intelligence writing a book titled 'How to corner the Wheat Crop and Benefit the Poor.'

"These sections was fitted on to this Hon. Swede who had a hansom & improved appearance. He sat up & scratched his head as if he wondered what profession he ought to go into with so many first-class fixtures.

"How you feel?" require Dr. Morel as soon as this Victim had put on his overcoat for go home.

"Like a new man," reply Hon. Swede and walk away on his new Marathon legs."

I make note of this phenomenal, but Cousin Nogi listen with sinical eye wink.

"Did you read about this wonderful surgery in 'McGlue's Magazine?'" require

Science or New Thought there would not

be no need for Vivisection. Then when persons got sick they would do so merely out of meanness. If they died it would prove there was nothing the matter of them. At that happy time there would be no Doctors, hence no poverty. Life would be simple and unsafe.

But so long as there are Doctors there has got to be some disagreeable work in the world. A Doctor what expects to pass his time amidst pleasant sights & sounds had better quit and go into the candy business. It are a Doctor's business to be in the midst of headache and unhappiness. We never call up the Doctor to tell him pleasant news—except when twins is born. We call him up to tell him we got a suspicious liver and a circular feeling of the brain. We call him up to complain about tuberculosis & gossip about our scandalous stomachs. And nobody can die respectfully unless a Doctor is there to permit it.

Learning to be a Doctor is like learning to play the trombone. It are deliciously unpleasant when he practices. Yet how can a Doctor learn how to cut up unless he practices? Poets writes poems and painters paints pictures by inspiration—and they often look like it. But I don't want no inspired Doctor to go poking around my interior digestion with a pair of scissors. Scientific facts is the best tools to use on a mad appendix. Maybe I sound like a complete Feend to say so, but I would rather see 60 ginnypigs slaughtered at the Altar of Science than have one Doctor open me up on the wrong side.

Mr. Editor, in the dis-cussing of Vivisection everybody is enjoying angry rages except the Dog. He, as usual, is a sensible animal. If he got as mad as the Ladies on the one side and the Doctors on the other he would bark himself into spasms and be shot for hydrophobia. But the Dog remains quiet and has his lungs removed for Science. He is, the same as ever, the Friend of Man, and he are never more friendly to Humanity than when he lay down his humble life to ease the pain of 1,000 Babies suffering in public hospitals.

Little Annie Anazuma, 3-year age daughter of I. Anazuma, Japanese barber, ask me recently,

"What would be neat, durable motto for a Auntie-Vivisection League?"

"Spare the Dog and kill the Child," are sharp reply for Hashimura Togo.

Hoping you will not,

Yours truly,

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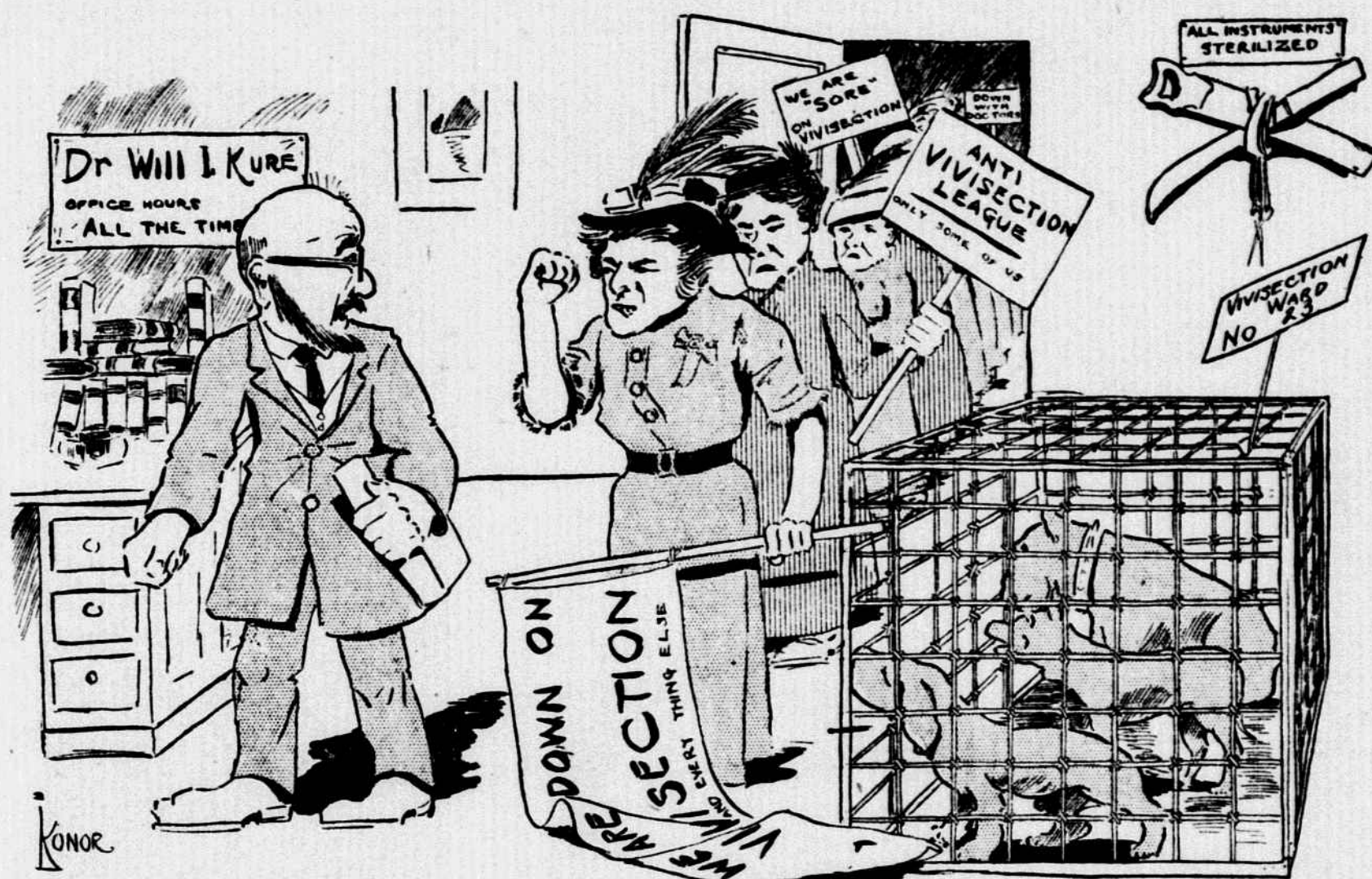
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The Hotel Clerk on the Latest Literary Invasion



"WE USED TO WONDER WHAT WE WOULD DO WITH OUR EX-PRESIDENTS—WE KNOW NOW."

By Irvin S. Cobb.

FEEL sorry for those poor fellows

that make a living writing special articles for the magazines," said the Hotel Clerk.

"Sure, why should you?" asked the House Detective of the St. Reckless.

"Think of the easy time they have, with no union hours and no comin' down at 5 and stayin' till 5. When one of them chaps needs a bit of money all he has to do is sit down to his little old typewriter and turn out a piece, without any worry or any thinkin' about it at all."

"Yes, you do get that belief from reading what they write, sometimes," said the Hotel Clerk. "But that's not what I was meaning. Writing the stuff may be easy enough for a special writer, especially if he's not hampered and bound down by facts, but placing it is the hard job these times."

"What's the trouble?" said the House Detective.

"The trouble is," said the Hotel Clerk, "that most of them don't know how to do anything but just write. They've never been distinguished at anything else except writing. They've never happened to be President of these United States or any little thing like that."

"Ain't parties wot can write wot tho

magazines want?" demanded the House Detective.

"Once 'twas so, but not any more," explained the Hotel Clerk. "When a plain day, week or job writer goes into a magazine editor's office with a bunch of manuscripts under his arm he doesn't get the warm welcome any more. Nobody gets up to give him a chair. Nobody wrings his hand and hopes he's been well. The great editor sitting there in the sanctum, with his hands folded across his sanctum and his high, noble forehead running all the way up from the temperate zone to the glacial period, regards him with pronounced coldness, while he describes the nature and the attractiveness of his wares. And, believe me, Larry, they can do it eloquently, too. A magazine writer is rarely at a loss for strong words when he's describing his own works."

"All very well," says the editor when he gets through, but tell me, have you ever wound up the affairs of a large railroad system in such a way as to leave the minority stockholders on the outside, looking in, wistfully? 'I have not,' says the writer, 'but at Harvard I—'

"Never mind that," says the editor, 'going to Harvard won't win you anything here unless you afterward went to Africa by way of Washington, D. C. I suppose you've never done anything of importance in the trust-forming or trust-busting line, either? And you're not a preacher that's turned literary or even a doctor that can

tell amusing tales about the habits and morals of bacteria. You must know, my good man, that there's no demand any more among the best class of weekly and monthly publications for the work of men who merely write. Anybody can split infinitives. But did you ever split rails preparatory to becoming President and could you tell about it? I guess you won't do.' And the magazine writer goes forth under the open sky in a dazed state, wishing that he'd spent the early years of his life fitting himself for the profession of a bricklayer, where the pay may not be so large, but you can get it in an envelope every Saturday night."

"It's a funny thing, too, Larry. It's only been a few fleeting months since all the magazines were muck-raking to beat the garbage contractors. A magazine that couldn't stir up a large and assorted collection of bad smells in high places didn't belong. Opening the new number was like cutting into an intensified Camembert cheese, only the odors were more invigorating and various. Every magazine worthy of the name had its troupe of bright young men with long prehensile noses, like the rubber eraser on a dime lead pencil, who were constantly digging at the roots of all the Easter lilies in the hope of turning up a dead rat from time to time. If you saw a magazine on the newsstand with a cover design of a cockroach crawling across a cracked china plate you could be sure that 'Anybody' was out with a

fresh crop of discoveries touching on unpretty doings among the elect or the re-elected of the nation.

"And then, all of a sudden, a change came over the spirit of their nightmares. I think maybe 'twas Uncle John D. Rockefeller, that dear old man with the de-natured memory and the smile like somebody drawing a dirk knife, who started 'em off on the new track. He got tired of spreading the sweetness and the light—and the salve—by word of mouth from the witness stand and the second bunker. So one day he sat down in his quiet library amid rows of shelves lined with bound reports of the Interstate commerce commission, appropriately autographed with the compliments of the authors, and began a series of magazine articles that attracted attention in the leading literary circles of Wall street almost instantly. It seemed to me that Edgar Allan Poe had more imagination; but then Poe lived a more or less reckless life, and when it came to amassing a comfortable competency Rockefeller had him whipped to a battenberg edging. So I guess we'll have to give it to Uncle John D. for literary excellence."

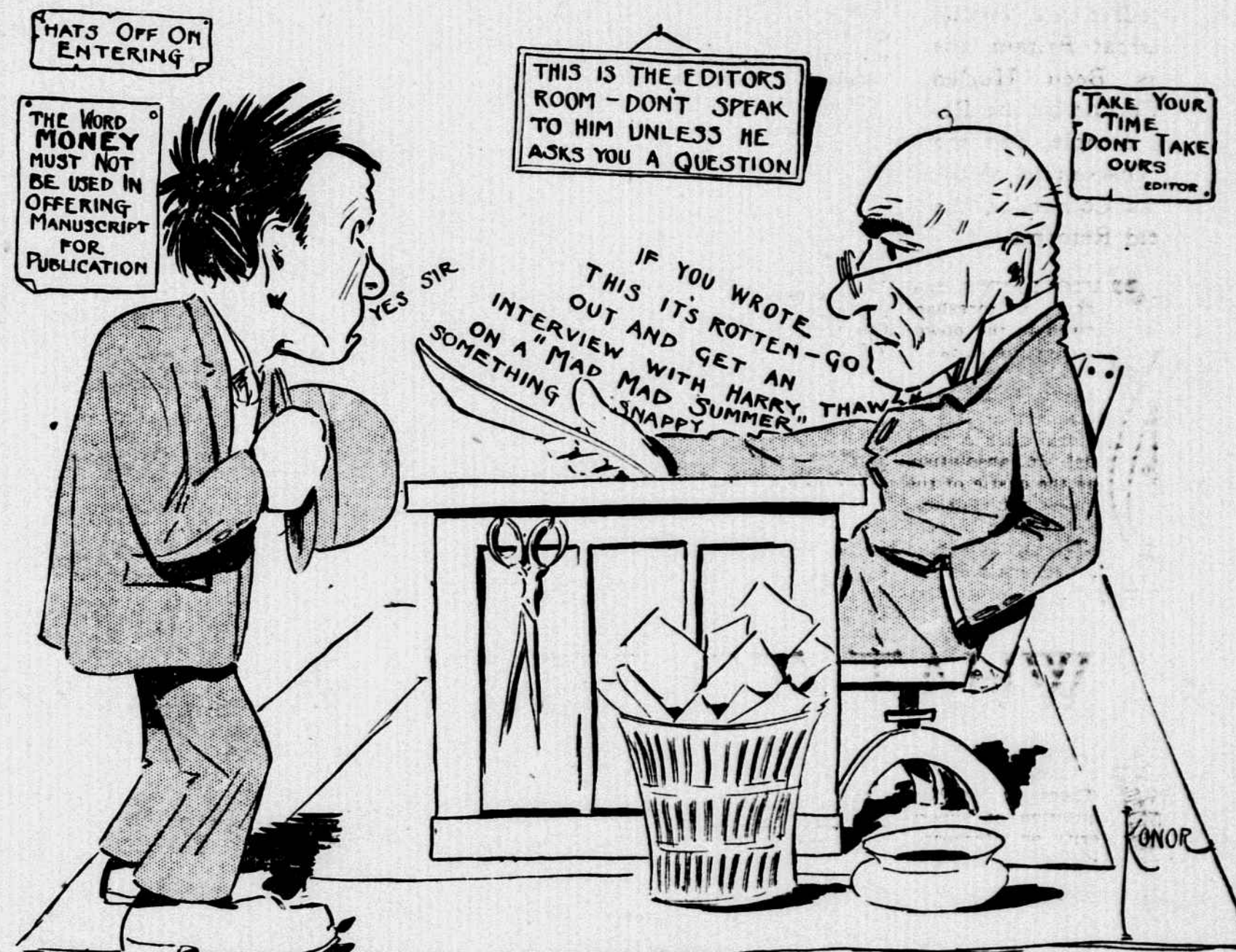
"And now, by heavens, there's a flood of them. Harriman is turning out dainty little conceits on train wrecking as an indoor sport and Rogers has burst forth, and Carnegie, not content with building the libraries, is furnishing the material to fill them. Carnegie started in to follow the pursuit of letters and the first one he caught up with was the upper case 'I,' and he's been keeping steady company with it ever since. And now every time he writes down that adorable capital 'I' they do say he has to let his vest out a trifle to keep it from pinching him under the arms. We used to wonder what we'd do with our ex-Presidents. We know now. The magazines have showed us the way, and it seems to be the easiest way."

"Conceive the situation, I ask you, Larry. The lofty or loftbrowed magazine editor sits at his desk so filled with a sense of the dignity of his calling that it gives him a drawn feeling across his chest. In comes his assistant for a conference before putting the next issue to press. 'Well,' says the editor in chief, 'it looks like a big number. The first batch of that dollar a word stuff came in, collect, from Africa, and we also have the last installment of the Rockefeller early reminiscences, entitled 'Thrilling Adventures of a Boy Baptist.' Our present, pleasant President has come across with positively the last word on the Panama canal, preceded by about nine thousand other words, done in the sprightly

style of a Supreme Court decision. Those with the stuff from our regular staff contributors, including preachers, ex-doctors, ex-lawyers, bank presidents, bank burglars, window dressers, comic opera angels, porch climbers, traveling salesmen, Salome dancers, stage managers and credit men for wholesale dry goods stores, ought to round out a most satisfactory issue. I did let in a little bit of humor by Mark Twain, but H. H. Rogers, who's a friend of his, vouches for it, and I don't think that the readers will complain that we're injecting too much outside stuff into our magazine. There was a guy out in Indiana named Whitcomb Riley that tried to sneak in some dialect poetry on me, but I turned him down. What's he ever done, all his life, except write poetry?"

"What have you on the hooks for next month?" asks the assistant editor.

"That ought to be a very strong one, too," says the editor-in-chief. "I've booked the personal confession of Morgue M. Johan, author of the successful musical comedy 'The Red Onion,' telling how he did the book before breakfast, wrote the lyrics between the ham and the sec-



"WHEN HE GOES INTO THE EDITOR'S ROOM HE DOES NOT GET THE WARM WELCOME ANY MORE."

ond tied egg and composed the music while waiting for the waiter to bring him his change. And there's to be a splendid inside, intimate article on Life at Newport from the pen of T. Suffren-Catts, the well known cotillon leader, illustrated with some very striking groups of society people by the same man who does the advertising posters for Fitzhugh, Badleigh & Botch, the cloak manufacturer."

"Pretty soon we'll see 'em featuring the table of next month's contents on the newsstand, like this:

"Horrors of Moving Day.—A joint article by Cipriano Castro and Abdul Hamid.

"What I Have Done for American Architecture.—Ex-Senator Clark of Montana.

"The James Family. From Jesse to Henry.—An appreciation by James J. Hill.

"Personal Correspondence With United States Senators (with price list attached).—By John G. Archbold.

"Symposium of Favorite Household Recipes: (a) Punches, by James J. Jeffries; (b) Mixed Drinks, by Carrie Na-

tion; (c) Stews, by the superintendent of Bellevue Psychopathic Ward; (d) Things That Can Be Done With Wheat, by James a Patten.

"A Joint Debate on Dress—Affirmative, Berry Wall; negative, Mary Garden.

"The Shut-ins—Conducted by Charles W. Morse.

"And so on and so forth. Probably before long a magazine writer with no Wall street past behind him or Sing Sing future in front of him will be as scarce as a hen with gunbolls.

"But, heaven be thanked, though they may deprive the magazine writer of his job, they'll never be able to drive his humbler co-worker, the newspaper reporter, out of business, as long as the public craves its fiction with headlines over it. The men of the Fourth Estate are safe, whatever happens."

"Wot is this here Fourth Estate they always mention when they speak of a newspaper man?" asked the House Detective.

"It's the only kind of an estate that a newspaper man leaves when he dies," said the Hotel Clerk.